



A LYNCHING IN MOSINEE.

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[CONCLUDED.]

The roar came nearer, and the shouts now took shape.
"Bring a rope—a rope!"
"We'll hang 'im right now."
That terrible voice seemed to inflame the whole mob, as a raucous snarl of a tiger rouses the beasts of a menagerie to primitive ferocity.

"Now, Annie," said Dan, "you go in and—"

"But you're goin' to need me out here, Dan. I'd rather be out here with you."

"Annie," said Dan, quietly, "go inside. Lock all the doors. Lock this door behind me and hide the keys. I'll stand right here alone."

"All right, Dan," she replied without a quaver. "But I'm afraid—"

"Don't open the doors for anything or anybody till morning—not even to me." His voice had a peculiar inflexible quality. "I don't need any help."

She knew him in these moods. "All right, Dan. It's your duty."

After she went in and shut the door behind her, Dan put his ear to the door till he heard the bolt slide to with a click, and the chain rattle into place. Then he took out his revolver, examined them as well as he could in the shadow, and calmly waited the approaching crowd.

Suddenly the city marshal dashed up. "Dan, they're comin'!"

"Let 'em come, Joe. We're here first."

"They're goin' to lynch 'im."

"Not while I stand here."

"But we can't stand out against the whole county, Dan."

"The whole county ain't here."

"Yes, they are. They've telephoned the news all over the county and teams are pouring in. Some of the best men in this town are in that mob, Dan—lawyers and—"

"Can't help it. You stand right here—"

"O, I can't do that. I darsn't do that."

"All right, I'll do it alone."

"But, Dan, they'll—"

"What?" asked Dan, coldly.

"They're wild. You better open the door—"

"Open nawthin'. Get out o' here, you white-livered skunk."

The crowd turned in at the gate, hooting like demons, and Joe flittered along the shadow of the jail wall and disappeared, to be seen no more that night. As those in advance came up, they saw Dan standing in the shadow grimly.

"That you, Dan?"

"It's me. What y' want?"

"Want that man," burst from several throats, as if they already smelled opposition from Dan.

"Open the door, Mr. Sheriff."

"I won't do it."

"Then we'll smash it down."

"That's the talk. Smash it down!"

"What y' think y'r doin'?" asked Dan.

"We're going to hang that damn Dimblebat, that killed Willey."

"Not to-night."

"Right now. Open that door!"

"Now just hold on a half-a-second," said Dan, coolly.

"Smash 'im in the hip," yelled a voice

"I don't care if the man had killed ten men, it's my duty to keep the door of this jail shut."

"You'd better open—"

Again that strident, far-reaching, inflaming voice arose:

"Throw him out of the way."

A small section of the advancing line made a movement upon the sheriff.

"Halt!—stop right there. I give you notice I mean business. I'll let the moonlight through the first man that raises his hand. Now you hear me!"

They halted abruptly. Dan continued:

"This lynchin' has got to stop, in this county, anyway. The whole state is disgraced by 'em. This man has got to be tried—"

The dim moon slanted down the roof and fell upon the steady barrel of the revolver. Dan spoke from the shadow, but those nearest caught glimpses of his glowing eyes.

The mob numbered thousands now, a wild sight—but in the soul of the sheriff was blind, unreasoning courage. He set his teeth so tight his muscles quivered. He felt dimly a massive joy in holding that vast flood of men at arm's length alone. He represented law and order.

Those nearest him pleaded:

"Stand out o' the way, Dan. Don't be a fool—they'll kill ye, sure!"

"I take some of 'em with me" was his grim reply.

The mob halted—wavered. Most of them were spectators merely; and they would have turned away, but again that implacable, howling voice arose, with only curses for words.

"Go on, you sneaks! Smash 'im!"

Instantly a dozen desperate men began fighting their way toward the door. Dan waited immovable.

Friends shouted: "Open up, for God's sake, Dan—"

Those nearest him leaped up as if to seize his hands.

"Back! Stand off!" was his terrible cry, "or by the livin' God, I'll shoot."

His words had death in them, and the crowd fell back and there was another pause which was portentous.

Dan shivered with a sort of awe. As far as his eye ranged, he saw a flood of human faces on which the moonlight and the electric lights, intermingling, fell. It began at his feet, this flood, it extended into the shadow at every point. And he stood there alone.

Suddenly the door behind him opened and shut with a slam. His wife stood beside him with a revolver in her hand.

"Annie, for God's sake." He turned his head and his hands fell. One of the shadowy figures near the wall sprang toward him. A shot rang and the figure sprang back with a scream.

"Don't look at me, Dan," cried the heroic little woman. "Watch out!"

Some of the crowd cheered, others cursed in a wild uproar. This was the unexpected again. A sort of daze fell on them. Then they called back and forth jests, suggestions, imprecations. But the nucleus of insatiable spirits did not surrender. They raised a new cry.

"The back door! Bring sledges."

"That's the talk. Roun' to the back!"

"Keep the sheriff where he is and we'll be inside—"

Dan turned to his wife bitterly:

"We're beat. We can't do anything here, and we can't get in."

The crowd jeered. "They ain't enough o' yeh, Dan."

"Let me stay here, Dan, while you—"

"No. I won't do it." He couldn't tell her that it was her coming that had broken his hold on the crowd. He turned to them again in appeal. As he spoke the crashing of the sledges began.

"For God's sake!—am I alone? Ain't they any law-abidin' citizens in this county? Where's the mayor? Where's all the lawyers and judges?"

The crowd laughed.

"In bed, Dan, where you ought to be."

"Open the door, Annie. I'll face 'em alone."

"I can't. I left the keys inside."

"What holds it? the spring catch?"

"That's all."

He threw his great weight with terrible force against the heavy door. Once, twice.

"Let us help, Dan," suggested the focal mob. But Annie's steady hand kept them back. The door gave way. They sprang through and threw it shut; but could not hold it against the mob.

They were too late, anyhow. The main corridor was filled with a crowd of men hammering, wrenching at the iron door that led into the corridor before the cells.

Dan's heart swelled with grief and rage till he nearly choked. Had he been alone, such was the blind rage in his soul, he would have emptied his revolver into the massed faces and then assailed them with his bare hands.

"O, if I only stood on the other side of that door!" he moaned to his wife, whose white, set face had not a trace of fear.

He took his revolver by the barrel and flung it through the grating at the window of the cell where the prisoner cowered.

"Defend y'rself, y' fool!" he shouted, but the revolver struck crosswise and fell to the floor outside the cell. The mob of densely-packed men turned upon him with hell in their eyes: "Kill the damn fool!" Dan presented his other weapon to their eyes. "Keep y'r hands off us—" They would have crushed and trampled them both under foot, only for a circle of friends who saw death in the air, and struggled to prevent shooting.

The gate gave way, and a deafening, reverberating shout went up. The prisoners, whose pale faces had been peering from the barred windows, shrank back and shivered.

The assailants were at a loss. "Which is him?" they called, as they halted before the lower row of cells. "Tell us, Dan."

Dan shook his hand. "Not by a d—n sight."

"This is the fellow!" yelled a big man in a spotted jacket.

The occupant of the cell gave a scream of fear. "Oh, no, no! My God, no! I ain't the man! It's that next—"

"We'll hang every d—n man—"

"Next door to the left," said a calm voice from one of the upper cells. "The man in red stockings."

"Defend y'rself!" cried Dan again.

When he came back it was after twelve o'clock, the town was quiet, deserted. There was no sign of that monstrous outbreak of savagery, save the trampled grass, the broken branches, and the swinging shape in the tallest elm, moving fitfully in the soft wind, the quiet moon shining upon the contorted face, crushed close against the limb.

He went in to Annie, his wife, with a grim face. "I go before the county with this as an issue," he said. "We'll see whether this represents the people of Pine county."

[THE END.]

A FORTUNATE SHOT.

How a Poor Marksman Got in One Good One.

A veteran of the Aroostook war tells a story of how good luck once favored a poor marksman, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. Gov. Fairfield visited Houlton and reviewed the troops stationed there as commander in chief, and of course it was the biggest kind of a military event. The Dexter rifle company had some crack shots in it, and as a part of the exercises in honor of the governor's coming, they were marched out for target practice. As they made some excellent hits (the figure of an Indian being set up for a mark) the governor expressed his pleasure in their proficiency, and said loud enough for the men to hear: "Now, I would like to see your very best marksman try his skill."

In the company was a man noted for not ever being able to hit anything, and at once, in a spirit of deviltry, the cry ran along the line repeating his name in answer to the governor's call. Without flinching he stepped six paces to the front and saluted. "Where do you want me to hit him, governor?" he asked with perfect composure. "Just at the bottom of the left ear, sir," said the chief magistrate, pointing at the mark. "All right, sir." The soldier raised his gun, shut his eyes and turned his head away as usual, and fired. The men were all on a broad grin at the great joke of the thing, but when the bullet struck the mark whistling off a piece of the Indian's left ear, there was a shout that could be heard all over the township.

ETIQUETTE IN WASHINGTON.

Senator Edmunds Was Authority on the Delicate Subject.

The wife of a new senator once told me that she was determined to make no social mistakes, so—wise woman that she was—she asked Senator Edmunds, who she knew was thoroughly conversant with every detail of official etiquette, by reason of his long career in the senate, if it was not incumbent upon her to make her first visit to the wives of foreign ministers, says Kate Field's Washington. He replied:

"Certainly not, madam; a senator never makes the first visit upon a foreign minister."

So, thanks to her good sense in consulting an old senator, this lady did not make the mistake that a few less wise new senators' wives have done of making first visits, when etiquette required that they should receive them. Of course, as the senate has increased in size the last few years, it can hardly be expected that foreign ministers should call upon new senators, but they ought to upon the old ones and upon others whom they wish to know.

I think the charming wife of one of the diplomats has adopted a very wise rule, as she remarked to a senator's wife to whom she had just been presented: "I know it is my place to call on senators' wives, but I wait until I meet them, and I shall now give myself the pleasure of calling upon you."

If the ladies of the diplomatic corps would follow the lead of this popular lady, they would avoid some of the mistakes that they now make in our official etiquette.

Unexpected Praise.

"What do you call these?" said the emancipated woman to her husband at the tea table.

"They are biscuits, dear," replied the husband timidly. "I made them very carefully and hoped you would like them."

"Like them? I should say I do like them. They are better biscuits than my father used to make."—Judge.

Matrimonial Item.

"Why did you run away from your first wife?"

"Because she poisoned my very existence."

"If your first wife poisoned your very existence, why did you get married a second time?"

"Well, you see, I took the second one as a sort of an antidote."—Tammany Times.

NEBRASKA STATE NEWS.

The grocery store of E. E. Benton, at Crete, has failed.

The second snowstorm of the season visited Plattsmouth and vicinity on the 4th.

JOHN PRISTER, recently had an arm nearly torn from the socket in a machine shop at Steinauer.

The state board of canvassers finally issued a certificate of election to Judge Norris as judge of the Fourteenth district.

The courthouse of Gosper county was recently burned and from reports a decided sensation may develop as the result.

A PETITION has been forwarded to Washington asking the re-establishment of the post office at Bertha, Bart county.

CHARLES STONE, one of the largest implement dealers at Hastings, has failed. The failure includes all his elevators.

ALLIANCE has commenced an agitation for the removal of the county seat of Box Butte county from Hemingford to Alliance.

The story was recently circulated that a Wayne lady, was suffering from delirium tremens caused by the excessive use of strong coffee.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Nebraska State Teachers' association will be held in Lincoln, December 31, 1895, and January 1 and 2, 1896.

PRESIDENT FORT, of the State Irrigation society, is making big preparations for the irrigation convention to be held at Sidney December 18 and 19.

The fish commission has decided to send the car of the commission with twenty cases of fish to be exhibited at Sidney during the progress of the irrigation convention.

The Burlington operator at Pawnee City was held up in his office by robbers the other night. The office was robbed of a small amount of money and the operator of a silver watch.

While workmen were hoisting material to oil a floor at Fort Crook the other day the gasoline exploded, and Mr. Gatch and his son-in-law were seriously, if not fatally, burned. All their paints, oils, etc., were consumed.

MARIA MILLEDGE was recently sent to jail at Fremont in default of bonds to appear for trial for threatening to shoot John Malcolm. The evidence showed that as Malcolm was driving past her house she rushed out with a revolver, threatening to shoot him.

PHILIP BRADY has filed his petition at Kearney for a recount of the vote for sheriff. He alleges that Overmier was declared defeated for sheriff by 11 votes. The petition claims that fully 25 corn huskers in several townships voted for Overmier's competitor, they not being legal voters.

MRS. HARMON, of West Point, who was visiting friends at Kearney, was the victim of a terrible accident the other night. A lamp exploded, throwing the blazing oil over her and burning every particle of clothing from her body and roasting her flesh from her head to her feet. Her injuries were thought to be fatal.

A PAIR of flat boats with two families from Sioux City recently came down the river to Decatur and were driven ashore by ice. One family was headed for New Orleans, and the other for Florida. They finally got into the channel again, but later got stuck in the ice at Blair. They may remain "stuck" until navigation opens.

The Presbyterian church at Graham was found draped in mourning the other morning. Investigation disclosed the fact that the organ had been taken out of the church to be used at a dance in the opera house. The organ was taken out under the instructions from one of the officers of the church and the trustees were indignant over the affair.

PENSIONERS lately granted Nebraska veterans: Original, Joseph H. Dixon, Wilber, Albert Clute, South Auburn; Silas Drake, Georgetown; Increase, Colwell L. Daniel, Ansley; Henry C. Wyman, Lexington; John P. Garrett, Burr; Gideon Powell, Wisner, Reissno and Increase, George Flock, York. Original widows, etc., Jennie E. Colony, Harvard.

RECENTLY John Vavra had his aged father before the board of insanity at Schuyler. It was alleged that he was anxious to have his father declared a public charge after having gained control of the old gentleman's property. The board was not long in discovering that the old man was perfectly sane and the son was given to understand that he must take care of him.

The machine shops of the Fairbury iron works were destroyed by fire recently. The building was owned by H. H. Todd, and was worth about \$2,000, with \$500 insurance. S. A. Seymour had about \$1,000 worth of machinery in the building, which was probably ruined; partly insured. Charles Simpson, who operated the shops, lost \$500, without any insurance.

The citizens of Waverly were recently in a state of indignation over the late elopement of Dr. G. A. McCandless and Druggist E. R. Vining. Nearly a month since they left, elopement, accompanied by two young women, Misses Alice Miller and Nancy Ward. A few evenings since the citizens hired a hall for the purpose of expressing their disapproval of the conduct of the two men. Two committees, one of women and another of men, were appointed to draft resolutions. The resolutions were couched in severe language and unanimously adopted.



THE GATE GAVE WAY.

But the prisoner was powerless. The revolver was out of his reach, and he couldn't have used it anyway. He could only cling to the bunk and to the door as they wrenched him out; his dry lips uttered no sound, and his eyes had the wide-open look a hunted animal wears. He made no other resistance than to catch at everything in reach.

"Out with 'im!"

"Here he comes. Get out o' the way."

Everybody was as mad now to get out as they had previously been to get in. They swept Dan and Annie into a corner by the door and held them there; but as they went by he called:

"You ain't done with me yet, John Haynes, Nick Gootz, Sam Morris."

They were too intent on getting outside to do more than glance at him. A wild roar arose outside. For the first time Annie weakened and Dan saw it.

"Go inside, Annie."

He took his revolver from her hand and pushed her into the living room, then turned and rushed to the doorway.

The sight made his hair tingle and stir. Few men in their lifetime ever see such a scene. Thousands of human beings packed closely together, their faces concentrated, each man strained to tiptoe and motionless. Something—some vast mesmeric influence—seemed to emanate from the mass.

In the center of the lawn two nimble figures were mounting into a slender elm tree. As they went up, a deep expectant hush fell on the crowd, as if they stood waiting the bursting of a burning shell. Each ear was strained forward to taste the sweet horror of hearing the condemned man's agonizing prayers for life. But they were disappointed. Either he was dazed with fear, or he had reached that reckless mood where shudders and cries cease. He remained silent, and the raucous voice that had dominated and directed the crowd the whole evening, rose:

"String 'im up! Up with the black-hearted!"

A twisting, writhing form rose into the air. A cold creeping shudder touched all but the few incarnate demons who were pulling at the rope with jovial shouts.

"Ooop-a-daisy!"

"Heave ho!"

"Up she rises."

"Now, all together!"

The sheriff wept in his helpless horror and rage; but suddenly without noise the writhing shadow fell into the sea of men again. Then a new cry arose:

"Bring another rope. Another rope."

There was a little delay. Now again the crowd relented, and would have given up. But a rope came whizzing over their heads, and was thrown from hand to hand till it reached the hangman. As they knotted the noose and flung it over the head of the reviving prisoner, he raised his voice in agonized cries and prayers for mercy.

"Up with 'im! Shut his gizzard," commanded the leader.

"Stop!" shouted Dan. "Fr God Al—"



HALT! STOP RIGHT THERE!

farther back in the throng, which was packing denser each minute.

Dan's blood began to stir.

"I'm the sheriff of this county. That man was put into my hands for safe-keeping, and, by the Great Eternal! he's goin' to stay there."

"Don't be a fool. You can't stand out against this mob."

"I don't know the man's guilty—"

"I do! I saw him shoot!" shouted a score of voices in reply.